

The contention of the two famous Houses,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengeance comes along with him:
Nay stand not to expostulate, make haste,
Or else come after, Ile away before.

K. Hen. Nay stay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford wounded, with an Arrow
in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out,
That whilst it lasted, gaue King *Henry* light.
Ah *Lancaster*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry*, strengthened misproud *Yorke*,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whether flies the Gnats, but to the sunne?
And who shines now, but *Henries* enemy?
Oh *Phaebus*, hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That *Phaeton* should cheeke thy fiery steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And *Henry*, hadst thou liu'd as Kings should do,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the house of *Yorke*,
I and ten thousand in this wofull Land,
Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,
And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?
Bootlesse are plaints, and curelesse are my wounds,
No way to flie, no strength to hold out flight,
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.
The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint,
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke* and the rest,

Yorke and Lancaster.

I stab'd your fathers, now come split my breast.

Enter Edward, Richard, Warwicke, and Souldiours.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vppward
Course, and we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troopes pursue the bloody minded Queene,
That now towards *Barnwick* doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?

War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
Eor though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then dies.

Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?

Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vsed.

Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercy, for tis *Clifford*,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And stab'd our Princely father, Duke of *Yorke*.

War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there:
Instead of that, let his supply the roome.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatall Seritchowle to our house,
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.

War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.
Say *Clifford*, dost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we say.

Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicy that in the time of death,
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

George. *Richard*, if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy and obtaine no grace.

Edw.

